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FROM

A

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. MARY K. LOWRIE.

Printed for Private Distribution.

NEW YORK:
1870.

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NOTE.

THE original thought of this Memorial was simply to give some account of the last days of Mrs. LOWRIE, for the satisfaction of her numerous friends to whom it was impossible to write individually. At the earnest desire of many of these, the plan was extended to embrace a brief sketch of her life. It is but a sketch, in which, of necessity, much has been omitted that would have been of interest in reference both to herself and to those with whom, at different times, she was associated.

MEMORIAL.

AT the foot of the mountain range that forms the eastern boundary of the valley of the Connecticut, as this most beautiful of the rivers of New England flows through the southern part of Massachusetts, lies the town of Wilbraham, originally a part of Springfield. The place itself with its one broad street, its substantial dwellings, its plain but not unattractive churches, its school-houses, and its broad farms, is a not unfavorable representative of the many villages scattered all over New England, and which so impress and delight the traveller. From the mountain that rises on the east of the town, one of the most beautiful panoramic views of the Connecticut Valley is obtained. For miles west and north and south stretches a scene of wonderful beauty and loveliness.

Here, on the 10th of March, 1813, the subject of this Memorial was born. It was the home of her maternal ancestors. While she was yet an infant, her parents — JOSHUA and SUSAN KING CHILDS — removed to Springfield, where she resided until her nineteenth year.

It is difficult to describe her character, in strictest truth, without an appearance of exaggeration. With a mind that easily acquired and retained knowledge, and with a marked and decided individuality even in childhood, a leading characteristic of her early as of her later years was the exceeding loveliness of her disposition. Connected with this was the cheerful fidelity with which she met and fulfilled, at any sacrifice, the duties of every relation. As a child, a sister, a pupil, a friend, it is believed she was as blameless as it has ever been given one to be.

Nothing could exceed her filial tenderness; and the home that her infancy gladdened, her maturer life never failed to bless. As a sister, she was from childhood to her death the object of a love, a confidence, and a reverence as strong as they were spontaneous and irresistible. Her wish was law, because it was always the wish of wisdom and of love.

Mary was early the subject of religious influences. Parental faith and prayer and instruction were combined with an example whose power could not fail to be recognized and felt by all who came under it. It was not far from the time when the churches of Massachusetts had been shaken by the Unitarian controversy. Her mother had united with the First Congregational Church of Springfield, the former pastor of which had embraced the Unitarian views. The pastor at this time was the Rev. Samuel Osgood, through whose instrumentality, under God, the Church was saved to the evangelical faith. With this Church Mary united in May, 1827, when she was a little more than fourteen years of age. To the Church, as well as to its beloved pastor, she ever retained a strong attachment.

Her studies were carried on with such advantages of public and private schools as the place then afforded. At fifteen years of age she opened a small private school of her own, which she conducted with such success as to attract at once attention to her qualifications as an instructor, and she was soon engaged in a wider sphere. At eighteen she received an invitation to a position in a private school for young ladies in the city of Washington, D.C. This invitation she

accepted; and it decided, in the providence of God, her whole future history.

In Washington she first met him with whose life and labors her own were soon to be merged. Mr. Lowrie was at that time the Secretary of the Senate of the United States. They were married by her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Osgood, in Springfield, Massachusetts, on the 3d of October, 1833.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Her position and duties were now changed, but they effected no change in her character. The same quiet self-possession and dignity, with unaffected simplicity, gentleness, and joyous love, marked her life whether she moved in the circles of Washington, then brilliant with the intellect of Webster and Clay and Calhoun, or wandered, as she loved to do in her seasons of rest, with the friends of her childhood over the fields and mountains of her native place.

The object of this Memorial — designed only for personal friends — will more than justify here the testimony of one who from this period sustained to Mrs. Lowrie a relation of the most tender mutual affection; an affection strengthened

by every passing year, and never stronger than when its offices were for a season arrested by death:

"My first impressions of my dear mother, formed when I was a boy ten years old, are most pleasant. Although many years have elapsed since that time, I still see her bright and sunny face, as she greeted my younger brother and myself in our new house in C Street, Washington City. Her gentle manners and kindly care, her ready sympathy with our little griefs and joys, won our hearts. I loved her then because she made my early years happy; and through all the intercourse of school, college, and home life, I cannot recall one unkind look or word on her part. She was in every sense of the word to me a mother. I yet feel her sweet good-night, her kindly morning welcome. I never can forget her faithful Sabbath talks, and her persevering work in instilling 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' of whatever of truth and love of integrity and purity, can be imparted by motherly solicitude into the wayward heart of a boy. Thirty-six years of unselfish love! How pleasant the memory of her tender regard for me even in my faults! How lively her solicitude that I should be happy and good! How lovingly she rejoiced in my joys, and sympathized with my cares and sorrows!

"For some months my brother and myself recited daily lessons to her, and she proved herself to be an apt and faithful teacher. She had a form of rewards — her own beautiful handiwork — which we prized beyond measure. These pleasant hours of home in-

struction soon yielded to the demands on her time made by the declining health of our sister Eliza. Beautiful, gifted and accomplished beyond her years, she returned from school to our father's house in feeble health, to find in our mother the care and sympathy, kindly and tenderly offered, which her case so much needed. It was our father's custom to spend the summer months of each year in his old home in Butler, Pennsylvania. This was before the days of railway travel, and the journey was accomplished in a light carriage in easy stages of twenty-five to thirty miles, occupying from two to three weeks. We all enjoyed the crossing the mountains, and we hoped much for prolonged life to our sister from such a journey extended to Niagara Falls. I still recall the sad face of my mother, and the touching patience of my invalid sister, supported in my dear mother's arms during the last few days of that long journey. She died within a few days after we returned home.

"My brother Walter, who in after years became a missionary, derived a very large share of his enjoyment of life from her love. His letters to her, many of them published in his Memoir, and his journals, are the beautiful evidence of deep, warm-hearted affection for her. Indeed, in our home life we all loved her. Her domestics, during a long series of years, were seldom changed; once in her home, it became theirs, and they identified themselves with the family. Some of them were hopefully converted while in her service. An economist in all the details of household expenses, of living, clothing, furniture, &c., from principle,— that more might be given to the Lord,— she yet made

home attractive in its old-fashioned but true simplicity. With an exquisite taste for the beautiful in art and in nature, it was a marvel how much of beauty and comfort she gathered around her at a mere trifle of expenditure. Her beautiful shells and novelties of foreign art came to her from distant mission stations, in kindly recognition of personal favors received at her hands. Every picture and book told a story of loving remembrance.

"To my honored father she was 'the prudent wife from the Lord,' in whom he reposed entire confidence. She cordially sympathized with the great object of his life's labors. She was his counsellor and his tender comforter in sickness and in sorrow. He rested in her love. She was indeed a helpmeet for him, in labor and in responsibility. Her manner toward him was beautiful, ever loving and gentle, yet full of vivacity and cheerfulness. She revered his noble aspirations for good, thoroughly appreciated his sacrifices of worldly interests in his entire consecration to the cause of Foreign Missions, and loved him all the more because he was so unselfish and great in his quiet simplicity of character. I have never seen a happier married life than was theirs. Knowing how dependent my father was on her tender care, in his frequent attacks of illness, she had made it the subject of prayer that she might survive him, so that his last hours might be cheered by her love. This prayer was answered."

No one familiar with the family life here brought to view need be told how tender and

deep were the respect and affection Mrs. Lowrie received from those to whom she bore the relation of mother; nor with what sincere and unchanging love these feelings were returned.

Of her life in Washington we are now able to gather few details. A younger and only sister had made her home with her, and was an inmate of the family while they remained in Washington. To this sister, — not inferior to herself in many of the quiet and substantial traits of her character, — as well as to her children afterwards, Mrs. Lowrie's heart was bound by the strongest ties. She could hardly have loved them more if they had been her own children; and when the circle was broken, and one after another of its dear members was removed by death, none felt the successive strokes more keenly than she.

One who remains from that smitten group writes:

"I cannot tell you how I have shrunk from attempting to express my recollections of my dear aunt Mary: I feel that any account that I might give would be so unworthy of her. Indeed, hers was a character of such beautiful roundness, that it is hard to recall any striking points. If there was one thing about her, however, which has impressed me more than another,

from a child, it was the illustration which her life afforded of the truth that 'godliness hath the promise of the life that *now* is;' for, as she was one of the most practical Christians, so she was one of the most uniformly cheerful and happy persons that I ever knew; and she seemed to radiate happiness as naturally as the sun his light. From my earliest infancy, to be with her was happiness enough for me, and I always preferred her society to that of any playmates of my own age; and in the most frivolous days of my youth I was always ready to forego any worldly amusement for the sake of an evening with her.

"I do not think that I ever knew any one who made religion so attractive to every one with whom she came in contact, to the young and to the old, and that in such a quiet, unobtrusive way; for you never saw her religion as a thing apart, a thing to be remarked upon: it was just the controlling principle of all her life and the spring of all her happiness. How many have been attracted to the Saviour by the 'beauty of holiness' as it shone out in her life, the light of eternity alone can show.

"I know that she always loved us with a mother's love, for she showed it in every possible way; and most sincerely do we mourn her loss."

Occupied with his public duties, Mr. Lowrie gave the care of his household almost entirely into the hands of his wife. Their home was ever the centre of sacred and happy influences. No one

could be in it without realizing that it was a home whose character was not made by external circumstances. Mr. Lowrie never failed to recognize the claims of his Divine Master as higher than all others. Beyond any man the writer ever knew, he was indifferent to all human opinion, if it conflicted with his views of his duty to Christ. At the crowded table of the President of the United States, he did not hesitate to be alone in refusing those indulgences which his conscience condemned.

He could sacrifice any political friendship or prospect, but he would not sacrifice a Christian principle. His inflexible integrity, his thorough purity, his solid judgment, won from Daniel Webster the enthusiastic declaration that — though of opposite political views — if he were ever President of the United States, Walter Lowrie should be the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is believed that it was at Mr. Lowrie's house in C Street, Washington, that the first Congressional prayer-meeting was held. It is certain that the meetings were continued there for some time.

They were at first confined to the members of Congress themselves; but were afterwards

opened to their families. Of these meetings Mrs. Lowrie used to speak with interest. She was probably the last survivor of those who attended them then.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

In 1836 Mr. Lowrie resigned his place in the Senate to take direction of the work of Foreign Missions, upon which the Presbyterian Church as a body was then entering. The change was made with great sacrifice of worldly advantages, but without regret or hesitation, when the way of duty and of usefulness was made plain. The family removed from Washington to New York, and Mrs. Lowrie's life was henceforth identified with the work of Foreign Missions. How well she fulfilled her part in that work need not be told. The powers of her mind and body were consecrated to it. For years their house was the home of the missionaries going out or returning; and every missionary seemed to become a personal friend in whose welfare she ever after retained an interest, and for whom she was ready to render any service to which she might be called. None but members of

her own family could know the amount of labor she performed for missionaries in the field, as well as for those preparing to go, and those returning after years of absence.

In the early period of the work especially, it was no uncommon thing for two or three families to be guests together at Mr. Lowrie's.

The chief care of this came upon Mrs. Lowrie, and most cheerfully was it met. The most crowded house never disturbed her equanimity. The most perplexing circumstances never seemed to annoy her, or to interfere with the perfect order and peace of her household.

It is true she never made any essential change in her arrangements, or went to any unnecessary trouble for her guests. Her house was open, and they were welcome. Whatever she had to give was given freely. Whatever she could do was done so gladly that we venture the assertion that none ever enjoyed the hospitality of that home without feeling that it was a mutual pleasure.

One who knew her under such circumstances writes:

"It was at their house in New York that we first became acquainted with, and learned to love and esteem, dear Mr. and Mrs. Lowrie. You remember

the time perhaps, twenty-six years ago, when Mr. W. and myself, having just parted with home and relatives, were detained in New York for many weeks, there being at the time no ship to take us East. It was then and there that we saw R. and yourself at study around the table after tea, in the evening. Under the circumstances, we felt that our sojourn with these dear, kind friends was particularly pleasant and profitable. For Mrs. Lowrie, who was to me a mother, sister, and friend, I formed an attachment very strong, and which was always increased by visiting her and corresponding with her. . . .

"I regret, however, to say that the many letters I received from her while we remained in China, together with those written soon after our return to this country, owing to circumstances, have all been destroyed. The war, as you might suppose, interrupted our correspondence; but as soon as communication was again restored, she was among the first to write, and offer her sympathies in our afflictions; manifesting, as ever, a heart full of love for us, and interest in us and ours. My recollections of her are most pleasant. Possessed of so much dignity, one could not but respect and admire her, and at the same time love and esteem her, for her gentleness and deep-toned piety. Her memory will ever be precious to me, and I trust, ere long, to be permitted to join her again in heaven."

Few ever knew the labor and responsibility connected with the work to which Mr. Lowrie

was called, and in which his wife bore so important and yet so unseen a part. One who was himself intimately associated with the work says:

"We had no acquaintance in New York dearer to us than Mrs. Lowrie; and, now that she is gone, none whose memory we cherish with more heart-felt fondness. Her meek, quiet, gentle, cheerful, and agreeable Christian temper always exerted a powerful influence over my own feelings; and I do not know that I ever left her quiet mansion, even in times of the greatest anxiety, without being comforted and encouraged in the arduous work that had been assigned us. To Mr. Lowrie I feel very much indebted for all practical wisdom I may possess in directing the missionary affairs of the Church; but questions were constantly arising that required all the delicacy of woman's intuitive perceptions to discern and settle; and in all such cases I could rely upon Mrs. Lowrie's judgment and good sense with almost implicit confidence. It was a great comfort for me to be assured by her that I was remembered by her dear husband to the last with all the regard of former years. Mr. Lowrie was undoubtedly one of the great men of the generation that is passing away."

It was not in labor alone that the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Lowrie in the cause of Christ among the heathen was shown. They had consecrated themselves to the work. Nothing that

they had to offer was held back. From their home in New York two sons went forth to toil and die for their Master in China. In these sacrifices Mrs. Lowrie bore her full share.

The strong attachment between her and those to whom she had taken the relation of mother has already been noticed. If any confirmation of this were needed, it may be found abundantly in the published letters of one whose early martyrdom, on the threshold of perhaps as brilliant and promising a life as ever went out amid the darkness of heathenism, was mourned by the whole Church.

The Rev. Walter M. Lowrie writes from Manilla, Sept. 6, 1842:

"My Dear Mother, — When my journal comes to hand, which I hope it will before very long, you will have a fuller account of the various adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the voyage from Macao to this place. It is rough and uncouth in many ways; but it has been a companion to me in loneliness and in dangers and in pleasures. It made me think of home and of friends when the storm howled around me, and the billows tossed our ship as if they would overwhelm her and us in the black gulf beneath us. It made me think of home, too, in the calm sunset hour at sea, and it brought the tears to my eyes more than once, as the quiet hours of the Saturday and the

Sabbath closed around me. I have laughed over some of its little tales, and wept over others, and insensibly it grew like a friend in whose welfare I was deeply interested; and when I sat in my silent cabin, and was sorrowful that I had no friend to feel for me or sympathize with me in my solitude, I laid my hand upon its pages, and said, 'Wait awhile; when she to whom it is addressed has read it, I shall lack no sympathy,' and the very anticipation relieved me. Thus though in itself it has small merit, yet its associations and nameless influences give it a value in my eyes that I trust will not be wholly wanting with you."

Again he writes from Macao, May 14, 1843:

"DEAR MOTHER, — I cannot express my thanks to you sufficiently for that letter. You seemed to fear that it would afford me little gratification; but it has been the most interesting letter I have yet received from you.

"I like 'news' very well; but I like kind words and warm expressions of affection a great deal better, when I *know* that they come unstudied from the heart. I cannot describe to you how much I value such a sentence as 'It is past nine o'clock, and all are waiting for me for prayers, where we always remember him in a *foreign* land.' It brought the warm tears to my eyes (I can hardly see now); pictured before me — oh, how distinctly! — the scenes of other days, when I too knelt with you, and when my voice was heard among you. I could see again the quiet room with its cheerful fire, and the table with its well-remembered cover

and lamp, and the family Bible with its broken binding, and each familiar face, aye, and the accustomed seat in which each one sat. I could hear the voice that read; I almost fancied I could join in the familiar tune that was sung; *and so I can*, though separated from you by half the circumference of the world. The praises we sing, though sung on opposite sides of the globe, ascend to the same gracious God, and the prayers we offer reach the same mercy-seat, and the same grace that sustains you is sufficient — more than sufficient — for me."

Of the home, a glimpse of which is here given, the writer can hardly trust himself to speak. For years his own home, in the sacred influences of which he was prepared for whatever of good it may have been given him to do here, or to look forward to hereafter, he cannot without emotion recall it with its sweet scenes, or realize that all its dear inmates have gone out to return no more.

This, at least, he may say with the calmest deliberation: it was the most perfect example of a Christian home that it was ever his lot to know. Nor is he alone in this judgment. Others who have been for a season under that roof, have left with impressions that will never be forgotten. Christians have been strengthened and comforted. Those without a Christian hope have felt the wonderful power and beauty of a living holiness.

If there was a spot on earth in which a worn and weary and troubled soul seemed almost unconsciously to find rest, it was there.

And yet there was never the least show of piety. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lowrie was in the habit of speaking much of personal religious feeling. Their power was not in talking of religion, but in living it. It was their whole life, the life of the household, the life of Christ in it, calm, cheerful, happy, self-sacrificing, toiling, invariably consistent, day by day, and year by year, — it was this that made that home always as the gate of heaven, without a particle of gloom or sanctimoniousness, but radiant with the light and peace of God.

It would be difficult to point to a more perfect and happy married life. The arrangements of the household, always simple, were made with an order that left the day free for every duty. Undoubtedly there were the usual perplexities of a family, but they never seemed to be felt. There was no jar; and this was chiefly due to her who assumed the entire charge of the cares of the household without and within, that her husband might be left free from interruption in his work. Incessantly and laboriously occupied at his office during the day, Mr. Lowrie always

found a cheerful and happy home waiting his return at night.

Their evenings — we speak now of the years that preceded the development of fatal disease in Mrs. Lowrie's system — were generally spent in reading, singing, and cheerful recreations. Mrs. Lowrie usually read aloud to her husband a part of each evening. Her voice was pleasant and musical, and through her life she was a sweet singer. This gift added greatly to the enjoyment of the household. Until near the close of their united life on earth, singing was a delightful part of the morning and the evening worship. The beauty of household religion has had few brighter illustrations than in this family.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lowrie were possessed of remarkable self-control. One needed to know the profound depth of feeling in their natures to appreciate that wonderful calmness with which every event of life was met. It was the perfect peace of those whose minds are stayed on God.

Once only do we remember to have seen this self-possession broken. It was the day that the intelligence came of Walter's death, at the hands of pirates in the China sea, — Monday, the 27th of December, 1847. Mr. Lowrie had received the sad intelligence at the office, and immediately

returned home. His wife came in, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, as she was wont to do, said in her cheerful tone: "Why are you home so soon?" "Walter is dead," was all the reply. With a smothered cry of anguish she fled to her room, which she did not leave until, through a long and silent struggle, she had cast the terrible burden upon Him who alone could bear it.

That evening the family were gathered as usual for worship. Mr. Lowrie read the Scriptures; the hymn was commenced, — but the voices faltered and broke, — and the sacrifice was left upon the altar, with groanings that could not be uttered.

To both parents this affliction was inexpressibly severe. None could feel the personal loss more than Mrs. Lowrie. To Mr. Lowrie, his private trial was so mingled with grief for China, that it seemed hard to say which was the more intense. His love for the cause of Christ, and his yearning for the perishing heathen, never seemed so wonderful and so sublime as in the struggle in which he bowed to the will of God in the loss of this beloved son.

Mrs. Lowrie's labors in New York were by no means confined to the interests of Foreign Mis-

sions. She first fulfilled her duties at home. Then, whatever time and strength she had remaining she gave to her Master's work, wherever she seemed called. For years she was actively engaged in labors for "The House of Industry;" serving for a long time as its Treasurer, and relinquishing the work only when compelled to do so, almost within the shadows of the grave.

She was deeply interested in the establishment of the "Presbyterian Home for Aged Women." To this, too, she gave her strength while it lasted; remembering it liberally also in her final benefactions.

Of the details of her work for these objects we have been unable to obtain any account, beyond that contained in the statements which follow.

One who knew her well in all the relations she sustained, says:

"The details of her active life will be hard to describe. Certainly activity was a marked feature of her character; but it was so gentle and unobtrusive and so unremitting, that to describe it seems to mar it.

"In the estimation of others, she never came short in any thing she put her hand to; in her own estimation she did.

"I knew her first as a teacher of the Bible class. She endeared each member of it to herself, but above all, to her Saviour. Without an exception, she led

each one to a consecration of herself to His service in which her own life was wholly occupied. Notwithstanding other engagements, she found time to devote the whole of every Friday afternoon to her class, when she formed a sewing society for them. She improved these occasions also to impart much useful information.

"As the wife of an Elder, she labored in the congregation, visiting much, particularly among the sick, or wherever there were to be found sorrowing hearts, for whom she had a keen sympathy.

"Her hospitality knew no bounds, save that it was mostly extended to those who were of the household of faith. Extremely systematic in every thing, she was able to accomplish in one day what in ordinary cases would be spread over the week. The increase of her household from two to seventeen was met with the quietness which was a part of her strength. She has formed the connecting link between the scattered members of her family by her interesting, faithful correspondence; her letters were always hailed with joy; they were concise, clear, full of love and interest in the person to whom they were addressed. Here the breach which her removal has made is most keenly felt.

"With the commencement of the 'House of Industry' she was identified, acting from the first as its Treasurer. Her accounts were all neatly made; and if the difference of one cent existed, she would never rest until the matter was cleared. This benevolent work brought to her notice many of the poor, who ever found in her a judicious adviser and a kind, active friend.

"At the first suggestion of a 'Home for Aged Women,' she threw all her sympathies into the effort. She not only gave her hearty co-operation in the undertaking, and acted as Treasurer again in this connection, but she felt a deep interest in every detail, and endeared herself to many of those who have found there a happy home in the evening of their life.

"There was no good work undertaken by her Church which did not find in her a firm friend and active supporter. She loved the ways of Zion. I have never met with any one who seemed to have fewer drawings to the world, — the world as the enemy of God, — while she took a deep and intelligent interest in all the questions of the day which agitated it. . . . Her love for the house of God was wonderful. It overcame every obstacle. In the winter of her last sickness this seemed to me a weekly miracle. She received strength to dress and walk to church by half-past ten, and never showed the least disposition to sleep, while every other day she was perfectly overcome by sleep until about eleven.

"Every other Wednesday during March (1869) we attended the female prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. It required a great exertion to go up to Thirty-fourth Street; but she seemed always to feel that it was good to be there."

Another adds:

"It is very hard to realize that one whom we have loved and honored so much will return to us no more. I cannot tell you what a blessing she was to the

Church, or how much we miss her loving voice and gentle ministries; nor all she was constantly doing to make others happy."

One writing in behalf of the managers of the "House of Industry," says:

"We realize that in her death our society has sustained a great loss. Her thorough accuracy in accounts, her gentleness, and her dignified and Christian demeanor won the respect and confidence of all associated with her. The industrious poor are bereft of a true friend. For seventeen years her pen was used most faithfully in their service in this institution. She now rests from her labors, and her works do follow her."

What Mrs. Lowrie was as a friend all who enjoyed her friendship can testify. From a child, her power to win affection was wonderful, and those who knew her longest and best, loved her most. The evidence of this might be gathered from all parts of our land, and from the heathen world.

One qualified by many years of friendship to testify writes:

"It was a great grief to me that during these long months of her greatest suffering and of her deepest consolation, when to see her would have been a privilege, I was unable to do so. I shall regret it while I

live. And when we turned from the vault where she was 'buried out of our sight,' it was, as relates to this world, blank and comfortless to me. I longed for some remembered word and look on which to dwell. . . . I have indeed been blest, for thirty-two years, in holding constant intercourse with one of the sweetest, purest, and most gentle of human beings. It is rare to see such a union of true womanly softness with a strength of mind and will equal to any emergency, — a spirit so bright and glad, so full of enjoyment in life, and yet, when the blight came, submissive at once, willing to suffer and to die; as she said to me [when first informing the writer of the fatal nature of her disease] '*I am resigned; I would not have it otherwise*,' — words which grace alone could have enabled her to feel and to say. For life was full of enjoyment to her. She was gifted with all that could make existence happy. The grace to live as she did, knowing that the last enemy was ever near, — how near none could tell, — is accorded to few, and was the crown of a faithful life. . . . She was blended with my life during all these years, and the loss of her consoling and cheering society will be felt in the few and darker years that may lie before me."

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The first symptoms of the disease alluded to above appeared about ten years before its fatal termination. From the first, it contained the sentence of death; yet it never seemed to in-

terrupt that perfect serenity of spirit with which Mrs. Lowrie met every event of life.

Indeed it was not until the last year of her life that some of her most intimate friends and relatives were aware that her health was fatally affected. She suffered at times greatly, but never complained; and indeed made so little of her illness, that probably none of her friends suspected the extent of her suffering. Her manifold duties were discharged as promptly as ever: and when, in the progress of the disease, she lost entirely the use of her right arm and hand, she at once applied herself with the utmost cheerfulness to supply their place with her left. Her accounts were kept, and her correspondence conducted with her left hand, the slope of the letters simply being reversed. Very touching it is to observe now these silent but expressive evidences of that remarkable energy of character combined with entire submission to the will of God, which, while accepting His Providence without a murmur, would nevertheless serve Him to the end.

Side by side with this affliction was now that of the failing health of her husband. Thirty-six years they had walked together in the sweetest earthly relation. Thirty-six years of united,

incessant, hallowed toil for Christ! Thirty-six years of sowing, for others to reap! It was towards evening, and the day was far spent. The Master was coming to give the servants release and rest.

Mr. Lowrie had resigned his office at the Mission House in 1867. He however continued his labors gratuitously as long as his strength permitted him to reach the office. A fall in the spring of 1868 gave his system a shock from which it never rallied. In the autumn of that year Mrs. Lowrie wrote to a beloved relative: "Mr. Lowrie does not vary much from day to day, but one thing after another is left off; the walks through the rooms are fewer and shorter; the daily paper is now never asked for, but the 'chapter' in his daily reading for years is seldom omitted."

Again she writes: "He prays morning and evening in family worship, and shows no weakness of mind there. One night, after a very restless time, I repeated to him the verses 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life,' &c. He said 'It would be hard to add any thing to those texts.' Another night I said: 'My text to-day is "Ye are complete in Him."' He said, 'Yes, that is a *great* text.' One Sunday he said

to me: 'I am very low-spirited.' 'I will read to you,' I replied. 'Oh,' he said, 'I am proof against reading.' 'But it is the Bible I am going to read.' 'Oh, the Bible!' he exclaimed. 'One can never hear that without wanting to hear it again; it has been the comfort of my life.' I read the fourteenth chapter of John, and it quieted him at once."

All his powers were now failing together. But the great work of his life pressed upon him to the end. "For several weeks before his death his mind wandered upon every subject but that of religion." He was working hard for missions. "The High School in Liberia," — we quote from a letter of Mrs. Lowrie, — "he planned over and over with old Dr. Alexander's advice, and I heard him praying in the most earnest manner for it, so real was it all to him. The Indians too he was constantly planning for. He was gentle and patient to the last."

It was very affecting to see the once powerful frame, which for so many years had never failed to bow in the morning and the evening sacrifice, unable to kneel in prayer. With his head bent upon his hand, as he sat in his chair, he conducted the worship of the family. At length this became impossible, and he gave the service into

her hands who, in the days of his strength, never, in his absence, suffered the fire to go out on the household altar.

Mrs. Lowrie writes: "The change in us all is very great, but we have many mercies, — a quiet, peaceful home, with abundance for our comfort, and, I trust, an interest in the precious Saviour, which will give us entrance to His everlasting kingdom."

It had been, as we have seen, the earnest prayer of Mrs. Lowrie that she might be spared to minister to her husband in his last days on earth. This prayer was granted, and then her own work seemed done. On the 14th of December, 1868, Mr. Lowrie was released from the work in which he had been so long and so unselfishly engaged, and passed from the tenderest earthly ministries to the presence of his Lord. His mission was finished. The wonderful lines of Providence, by which he had been fitted for and borne into and carried through that mission, had now converged. It only remained "that mortality should be swallowed up of life." Calmly as he had lived, so calmly and peacefully he entered into rest. There was no rapture; there was no audible testimony. *That* was given and completed by

his life. Death could add nothing to it. His witness was in heaven; his record was on high.

Leaning on the Arm that had smitten, the widowed sufferer now gathered up her strength to finish the journey of life alone, — a journey of which so little now remained.

A few days after the death of her husband, Mrs. Lowrie wrote: "Your dear father's death was sudden to me. I had seen him fail so gradually for seven months nearly, it was hard to realize that the end was near. He was confined to his bed a little over two weeks. Every morning, and, if necessary, in the evening, he was lifted out of the bed, and sat long enough to have it made, and I looked for weeks of such strength. R—— came on Thursday morning. I felt that 'the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.' It was a comfort to me beyond expression to have him. His father knew him, though he said very little that we could understand, or that was coherent, after he came. Saturday and Sabbath he failed very rapidly, but had no suffering; and literally fell asleep, at half-past three o'clock Monday morning. . . . His distressed countenance changed entirely a few minutes before he went, and the face was lovely to the last look.

It was my desire to be permitted to attend him to the end, for I knew the trial of a change would be greater to him than to me; but I can give you no idea of the loneliness. . . . I was able to go to the church [at the funeral services], and was thankful that I was able. Dr. P——'s address was to me very satisfactory and comforting."

Speaking of the offers she had received of a home with different friends, — with all of whom her presence would have been esteemed a blessing, — she expresses the apprehension that the spring will be as long as "she shall need any earthly home," and adds, "I try to leave it all in the hands of God."

Again she writes: "My mind is not disturbed with anxieties, as when the reality first came on me. . . . I feel restful and trustful in some degree since a most comforting visit from Dr. P—— last Thursday. . . . Yesterday morning I went to church and came home in a snow-storm; otherwise I should have gone comfortably. I was not able to go to communion."

It was soon evident that the struggle between life and death, in her own case, was to be close and incessant. She realizes it, and waits for its issue with the same submission to God, the same

fulfilment of duty, the same interest in the Redeemer's cause, the same cheerful communion with friends, that had marked her life.

On the 29th of January, 1869, she writes: "I went down to breakfast yesterday for the first time in a week, but I am not equal to what I was before. I suppose every attack takes a pin out of the tabernacle. I trust your hope that the Holy Spirit was with you is realized. I love to hear of His workings."

Alluding to her purpose to break up her home, she writes on the 29th of March: "I came to the decision by a very slow process, but I have now no doubt that I have decided rightly, and another month will find me more a stranger and pilgrim than I have ever felt myself to be; that is, if I shall be well enough to move. . . . I am quite satisfied. The truth is, dear M——, I have no home-feeling. The light of this dwelling went out when your father died. I heard of dear old Mrs. Henry's death last week, and I could not help wishing myself among them. . . . My present plan is to go to T——'s first, and in June, if I am well enough, go to R——'s for the rest of the summer. . . . I have no health to attend to any thing. My right hand and arm are worse than useless; they are so swollen and heavy as to

render me very uncomfortable. I seldom go out except to church, and strange to say I am almost every Sunday able to go. It is my greatest joy."

The intimations are not faint or few now that there may soon be for her greater joy in a higher and unsuffering service. She is "never a moment free from pain." The faithful left hand does its work, but the letters are briefer and fewer. On the 8th of May she writes:

"My Dear R——: I have had another long attack of rheumatism and helplessness. I was well enough to ride out day before yesterday, and took more cold, and now am not able to bear my weight on my foot. It is very discouraging, and has delayed my getting off, though I hope to go next week on Thursday. A—— has been here two weeks or more, and will stay until I get away. I am not able to do one thing for myself, and hardly to give directions.

"The shells [a favorite cabinet of sea-shells] have been put into boxes, and the delicate ones I had brought upstairs. How beautiful they are! and they revive such tender recollections! There is not one that your dear father and I had not handled and admired together. I felt glad they were going to you and T——. . . . I have now no idea of being able to go to you this summer; but they tell me I am easily discouraged. My verses yesterday were Ps. cxlvii. 10, 11, and they comforted me."

It will have been seen that Mrs. Lowrie's original plan, in leaving New York, was to divide her time between the home of her brother, to which she removed, and that of one to whom for thirty-six years she had borne the most tender relation of mother. As her disease progressed, however, it became evident that this plan must be surrendered. She yielded it, not without disappointment, but without the least complaint or dissatisfaction. Indeed, divine grace had so far accomplished its work that no earthly disappointment seemed to disturb her. She had gone through the worst, and "the fruit of righteousness was peace."

The testimony of her physician is, that "When she became aware of the serious nature of her disease, she was for a while depressed with the fear that she should not be spared to take care of her husband as long as he lived. But her perfect trust in the goodness of God soon restored her usual cheerfulness; and confident in her Saviour, that He would do for them both that which would be for their good and His own glory, she appeared to say:

'I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.'"

Referring to the sufferings under which her "active services" were rendered for causes of benevolence, the same friend adds: "Under all these trying circumstances, she was uniformly cheerful and composed. It was more than natural strength of character: it was the perfect rest and quiet that are given only to those whose hope is fixed on a surer foundation than this world can afford."

THE LAST CHANGE.

Her final departure from her home in Twelfth Street was made with as much composure and serenity of spirit as if she were going simply for a morning ride. Yet it could not be that that step should have been taken without a struggle. She was leaving a home in which the most sacred associations of a quarter of a century were gathered. She was leaving friends on whose unfailing kindness and sympathy she had never had occasion to depend in vain, and on whose friendship she might rest for all the offices that friendship could render to the end. She was leaving a Church dear to her beyond expression. She was leaving the field of her life's best work, the scenes of her holiest joys, and of her most sacred sorrows. These were bonds that could

not be broken without pain. But whatever the conflict, it was over before the hour came. The path once made plain was entered with peace and gratitude, and even joy.

She removed to the house of her brother, in Norwalk, Connecticut, on the 13th of May, 1869. She was very feeble when she left New York, and it was with difficulty that she was able to reach the carriage. She bore the journey, however, by the cars remarkably well. Indeed she felt so much better before the end of it, that she was already planning the enjoyment of a speedy return to visit her friends in New York. The next day she was still better, and walked through the yard and garden of the Parsonage with great delight. For some days she appeared to rally. She rode out frequently, enjoying intensely the numberless beautiful drives in the vicinity of her new home. Her favorite drive was by the sea-shore, where she could inhale the refreshing breeze and enjoy the exquisite beauty of the scenery, ever varying with the changing atmosphere; — the distant Long Island coast; the blue stretch of water between; the numerous islands, with their remarkable diversity of form and extent; the vessels passing and repassing — all furnished a source of enjoyment with which she never wearied.

The rooms appropriated to her use had been fitted up with furniture, pictures, and ornaments from her home in New York. Being upon the first floor, she was able to join the family at their meals, — a pleasure of which she had long been deprived, and which she enjoyed greatly. Her presence was no less valued by the family. No meal seemed complete without her. Her uniform vivacity and affection threw light on every gathering. Her room — while she was able to bear it — was the gathering place of the family whom she loved to have around her. Here, too, she received the occasional visits of friends from a distance, as well as of those who, though strangers before, had endeared themselves to her by many acts of generous and thoughtful attention. One of her last and strongest expressions of gratitude, was for the kindness of these dear friends whom she had never known before.

Her sufferings, after her removal to Norwalk, seemed to be mitigated. She had hardly a serious attack of the rheumatic trouble which had been so painful before. Her physician from New York visited her once, and then transferred her case to the care of one whose attention and fidelity were unremitting to the end.

To those who had known her whole life of active service for others, and her freedom from dependence, and the energy with which she had maintained that freedom to the last degree of strength, nothing was more remarkable than the ease and cheerfulness with which she consented to be utterly dependent on others. "You never expected to see me like this, did you?" she once said, with a smile, to a dear relative from a distance, as he entered her room. Her manner throughout was of one to whom it was

> "Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
> And know no will but His."

* She continued to ride out as long as she could be borne to the carriage. On the 6th of July, she had ridden with the family to Westport. The next morning, while dressing, a severe hemorrhage prostrated her, from which she never fully rallied. She lingered for six weeks, watched over with a care which it seemed a pleasure rather than a duty to render. Occasionally she would so far recover strength as to be rolled out upon the piazza, where she would lie enjoying the

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* From this point, the sketch is continued principally from notes written just after Mrs. Lowrie's death.

passing scenes and the beauties of nature. Most of the time she was quite helpless, requiring four persons to move her from the bed to the lounge, and from the lounge back to the bed. Still she was so invariably cheerful and happy that it never seemed like a room where we were waiting for death.

Having arranged her worldly affairs, nothing remained for her but to wait for the coming of her Lord. It was our custom, to the last, to have our evening prayers in her room, and in the morning the door to her room was left open while the family occupied the one adjoining. This was a privilege she greatly prized, and missed if for any reason the arrangement was interfered with. She enjoyed, as she had always done, the singing in the worship of the family. Through her whole sickness, one of the children would arrange the book for her upon the bed, and she would join with delight in our songs of praise. This she did almost to the very last. She loved also to hear and to unite with the children in their little Sabbath-School hymns; some of which — such as "He leadeth me," "Jesus paid it all" — she was very fond of. The Sabbath evenings in "Aunt Mary's" room are among the sweetest recollections of the household, and

as far removed from the gloom of death as possible.

Mrs. Lowrie had never been in the habit of speaking freely of her religious feelings. She referred to them now at times, and it was painful to find that her mind was not clear as to her personal acceptance with God. This gave direction to much of our thoughts and readings and prayers.

Our first earnest request had been that God would interpose for her recovery. We knew there was no human hope, but we knew that with God all things were possible. When it became evident that this prayer was not to be answered, — that God had prepared better things for her, and Christ's blessed intercession was prevailing over ours, — we then asked that she might be delivered from great suffering. This prayer God was pleased to grant. She was relieved to a great extent from acute pain, and her position in sleep became more comfortable.

Towards the close of her life, in her extreme weakness, her mind and body sympathized. She became incapable of exertion, and of connected thought, and her mind at times wandered. Of this she was herself conscious; and wished us

to pray that she might be delivered from this trial at least for a season before she should pass away. This prayer with others was strikingly answered.

In relation to her doubts, her brother was at one time speaking to her of the hope that arose from a consideration of what God had already done for her, — that if He had not desired and designed her salvation He could not have done all He had done, — and quoted the words: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things." She replied sweetly: "That ought to be enough."

In all these anxieties, however, when nothing else gave relief, she would fall back upon the simple assurance: "He that *believeth* shall be saved;" saying "*I do believe.*"

On one occasion, while conversing with her sister, she said: "I must speak to M——" (a servant in the family, whom she had not seen).

"What do you wish to say to her?" she was asked.

"I would tell her that my trust is in Christ; and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." It was clear that in the darkest hour she was clinging to the only Name.

Her strength failed day by day; and more than once, as we watched her, the hour of her departure seemed to have come. On Thursday evening, the 12th of August, there was a marked change. The evening prayers of the family had just been attended in her room. Her brother had left the room, when she sent for him again to pray with her. She desired him earnestly to ask that she might have the clear use of her mind once more before she died. Its wandering now was but partial. Her sister played and sung the beautiful hymn of Lyte, — the last gift of the dying poet to the Church, — written when the final darkness was deepening around him, and the morning was breaking beyond, —

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide."

It was a favorite hymn of Mrs. Lowrie; one that she always delighted to hear, and yet one that she could never hear without emotion. Towards the close of her life, it was sung to her daily.*

Afterwards we all united in singing, —

"Jesus, Lover of my soul."

During the night, as we watched with her, she said: "I do not expect to live any time; God is

* See page 64.

showing me that He can do without me here." And she added: "*God makes no mistakes.*"

An allusion was made to what God had enabled her to do for others. She immediately and earnestly interrupted the remark: "Oh, do not say that! Do not speak of what I have done!"

Thus the night passed, and she was still with us The three following days she slept much, and her mind wandered. The end was evidently near, and our prayers had not been fully answered. The cloud had not been lifted. But God had not forgotten His promises.

On Sunday night, or rather Monday morning, Aug. 16, about one o'clock, we were again called. She was apparently dying. As we bent over her, it was evident that she was attempting to speak, but her strength seemed gone. At length we caught the words of fervent prayer. It is impossible to describe it. None who listened to it could control their feelings. She prayed for the dear Church with which she was connected, and in which she had enjoyed so many privileges; for its Pastor by name; and for all its members, pleading that they might be blessed, and be useful Christians; for her relatives and friends and servants with great particularity; and for the people among whom her last days had been spent, and who had been so kind to her.

It seemed almost sacrilege to listen. Her very physical strength appeared renewed as she waited on the Lord. When her prayer was closed, it was evident that our desires had been granted. Her mind was quite clear again. Recognizing us, she left her messages of affection for absent friends, and spoke with gratitude of the change she felt. "I have no pain of mind or body. I wonder if the doctor would think I am dying: it is pleasant to be lying here."

She spoke with delight of the prospect of meeting her husband, and the sister whose death several years before had fallen so heavily upon her.

To one who had been her almost constant companion and attendant while she was with us, she said: "What a sister you have been to me!"

To her brother she regretted that she should "take so much of his precious time; but," she added, "it won't be long." She was assured that it was only a precious privilege to minister to her while the opportunity was given.

To another brother and sister, who were also with her during the last few days of her life, she expressed the deepest love and gratitude.

As she was evidently sinking, some stimulant was offered her, with the remark: "It will

strengthen you." She declined it, saying: "Is it worth while to bring me back?"

As we united in prayer, the shadow of the cloud still rested on her. "Pray," she said, "that I may be a true member of the body of Christ." None but herself could doubt that she was and had long been a living member of that sacred and mystical body. Again the favorite hymn was sung:

"Abide with me."

This was followed by that noblest and sweetest hymn of a living and a dying faith:

"Rock of Ages."

As the night passed on, she became quiet, and remained thus until morning. Through the following day there was no essential change until towards evening. She then sent for her brother, who was with her at once. Her mind was still clear, but sorely pressed with doubts. She wished prayer to be offered, that she might not be deceived. Apart from the general darkness that overhung her, she was struggling with what seemed to be a direct suggestion of the tempter. She had relished the delicacies that had been provided for her, and that were so necessary to her support; and now, in her weakness, the thought

was pressed upon her, that she could not be a true child of God, and think so much of these things at such a time. This thought she expressed to one who stood by her side. "Why," was the immediate reply, "the Saviour Himself, when *He* was dying, cried, 'I thirst.'"

She looked up, and her whole soul seemed to come into her countenance as she caught the thought, and exclaimed: "*That is wonderful!*"

We engaged in prayer, in the midst of which the burden of her responsibilities seemed to weigh so upon her that she interrupted the prayer with a reference to them. "No matter," was the reply, "what our sins or short-comings have been; the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, even from weakness of faith itself. Now leave all your anxieties here." The prayer was then continued. The last word was hardly spoken before she exclaimed: "It is gone! it is all gone! Jesus is precious! Jesus is glorious! Blessed Jesus! His blood cleanseth from all sin." Then immediately turning her head, and looking around the room, she said, with reference to her former doubts, "I hope there is no one here who can be injured by my want of faith."

She then slept for a while. When she woke, she looked at her left hand, the use of which she

had also lost, and observed that it did not seem as stiff as it had been. Then turning to the physician who was by her side, she said: "Doctor, this is the last; but perhaps," she added, "there is more yet."

Her sister spoke of what the Saviour had done for her.

"I never saw any thing like it," she exclaimed again and again.

There had never been any excitement in her experience. No high state of feeling was now to be expected. There was no rapture. She referred to this, saying: "To some God gives triumph, but He will not give that to me." The reply was: "The great promise is of *peace*, not triumph; and He has given you this." She assented, saying again, "I never knew any thing like it." This was repeated with an expression almost joyous: "I do not seem," she said, "to have a care: every thing is done for me."

Her sister repeated to her one of her own remarks, — that the more we can be like little children towards Christ, the better He is pleased. She said, "I think I feel so; but I am so remiss"

Nothing was more remarkable to us who knew her whole life's devotion to the welfare and happiness of others — whose only recollections of her

were those of self-sacrificing unselfishness—than the expressions of her grief at her selfishenss. This, which she so bitterly lamented, we are sure was never discovered by any human eye but her own.

Each hour was now loosening the silver cord. Her remaining strength was gradually but surely failing. With broken utterance she left once more her messages of affection for absent friends. They were messages not only of gratitude, but of strong desire for their participation in the love and redemption of Christ.

She then slept again, and we watched her through the night and another day. That day her life seemed spared that she might meet once more on earth with one to whom she was ardently attached, and who had hastened from a distance to her bedside. The interview was most tender and grateful; and then the ties of life were unbound and laid aside.

Tuesday night, the 17th of August, was the last in which she needed our earthly ministries. There was no marked change, but increasing weakness. About two o'clock she was heard again engaged in prayer. The last expression we can now recall was this: "Christ has been so good to me!" Yes, goodness and mercy had fol-

lowed her all the days of her life, and she was now to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. Beyond her and our fears, Jesus led her gently and without a struggle through the valley. At half-past one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 18th of August, 1869, she fell asleep.

Another hand, that ministered to her unwearyingly through the closing months of her life, writes:

"The solemnity of the dying moments of dear Mary deepens on my mind more and more. I confess, the presence of death awed me, and I was constantly nerving myself to look upon the physical suffering which might attend the hour. It was a great source of gratitude with us that she was spared this. She lay perfectly quiet, evidently retaining her consciousness to the last.

"I saw the great change come over her, as I stood alone by her bedside, and immediately called Mr. C——. He was with her at once; and as he leaned over her, smoothing her forehead, he said, 'Mary, is Jesus with you?' — 'Yes,' she replied. 'Do you know us?'— 'Yes.' So she passed away. We could not speak except by giving her up once more in earnest prayer. Jesus was present, and was tarrying with us: we knew it. But did *she* not *see* Him? Her mind was evidently occupied beyond our vision; and all we could do was to watch the coming and going of each breath, until we knew she was parted from us, and had followed her dear Redeemer, as He led the way.

"The hour of her death was a strong contrast to the repeated occasions on which we had before been called to her, fearing that hour had come. At these seasons, it seemed as if she poured her whole soul out in love and gratitude and fervent prayer for those she was leaving. But when death actually came, her whole aspect seemed to say, though words were wanting, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.'

"It was easy to believe this; for the sweet impress of her heavenly spirit seemed given to those dear remains, and it was hard to realize that she had left us, to be with us no more on earth."

The funeral services were attended at the house of her brother in Norwalk, on Friday, August 20th, the Rev. Dr. Rankin of Fairfield conducting them. The body was then removed to New York, to be placed in the vault of the First Presbyterian Church of that city. Services were held in the church. In the absence of the Pastor, these were conducted by the Rev. Drs. Plumer, Wells, and Stead. After prayer by Dr. Stead, and a few impressive remarks by Dr. Plumer, with an address by Dr. Wells, the body was borne to the vault, to rest by the side of her husband, with whom she had shared so long the work of the Master on earth, and from whom, in the Master's glory and rest, she was for so short a *time separated.*

ADDRESS

BY THE

REV. J. D. WELLS, D.D.,

OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

ADDRESS.

THIS service is more for consolation than eulogy. And our comfort may grow into joyfulness. If we look to the earth we see shadows and tears, — mourners going about the streets. If we lift our eyes to the heavens, the tongue cannot tell all that is revealed for the comfort and learning of those whose friends have fallen asleep in Jesus. I do not think we make enough of Christ's joy in receiving His blood-bought servants to Himself. As He loved His own which were in the world to the end of His life, so He does to the end of theirs; and precious in His sight is the death of His saints. He sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied.

Moreover, there is an unfathomable depth of mystery and consolation in the gladness of the eternal God when His sons and daughters are brought to glory, through the sufferings of Christ, the Captain of their salvation.

Nor is it an extravagant thought that all the angels of heaven are moved to emotional and heart-felt joy whenever a weary pilgrim rests from his journey and toil in the City of God. Enjoying their faithful ministry through life, and in the article of death, we ought to rejoice for their sake, when we reflect how much

reason they have for unfeigned gratitude and gladness, as often as they see an heir of salvation taking his place among those who are as the angels of God.

And what can be said of the sacred pleasure that fills the hearts of kinsfolk and acquaintances, when those whom they left weeping on the earth are themselves admitted into heaven? Nor is the pleasure limited by recognition: the great multitude of souls beneath the altar and around the throne are part of one family, named by the same Father, and after the same Christ. It brings common joy to all, to have the song of redemption sung by new voices, the glory of God recognized and shown forth by others than themselves.

Few, in any case, are the mourners here, in comparison with the multitudes rejoicing above. And there is nothing to hinder a sacred joyfulness, even when we weep, with Jesus, because our earthly homes are made very desolate.

There is lying before us here the shrouded and coffined body of one whom we all sincerely loved. In a few moments the grave will hide her from our eyes. We must leave this precious form to darkness and decay. But may we not think, too, that this body of His saint is dear to Jesus? Is it not joined forever to His living person? We know assuredly that it will share in all the benefits of redemption by His blood. Wasted and weary with the labors and sicknesses and sorrows of life, it is to rest in the grave, as in a bed, until the resurrection, and then to be changed and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so

them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Oh, the mystery and sweetness of these words! Jesus *died.* He bore the penal consequences of our sin. For this reason, though our body is dead because of sin, our spirit is life because of righteousness. Our relation to death as the punishment of sin is forever changed, and we sleep in Jesus. And even now we rise in Him to walk in newness of life; and out of our graves God will bring us with Him, and up to His throne and presence too, like unto Jesus in character, and like Him in body. So that, in the fact of present rest for the weary, and the assured hope of a resurrection to life and glory, we have strong consolation while mourning for our pious dead.

But we are greatly afflicted by the removal from us of the living person, with the sentient mind, the warm heart, the lovely character. The child that rewarded the love and care of her parents by gratitude and devotion, — the sister, wife, mother, dear to other hearts, — has finally left all the homes of her kindred who survive, and gone to be with Christ and those who entered into rest before her.

Mrs. Lowrie will not be seen again in any of the places of Christian toil that she loved so well. Till God took the honored head of her house to Himself, a few months ago, her own family very properly received the largest share of her thought and labor; but it was not the only sphere in which her influence was felt.

To the great work belonging to the Church she gave herself with humble faith and zeal. She loved her own particular Church. So, too, she loved the whole Church, which is the body of Christ, the fullness

of Him that filleth all in all, and did not forget its welfare or its woe.

She was a faithful and successful teacher in the Sabbath school, — an example in this to other mature Christians who have strength and opportunity to feed Christ's lambs. She aided largely in the beneficent plans and labors of the House of Industry, and in this work exhibited more than ordinary executive ability and skill of hand. She was deeply interested in the beginnings and early success of the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women.

She shared her husband's work and prayers and self-denial for the spread of the Gospel and the founding of all its blessed institutions among the heathen. Upon her as well as him fell the sorrow of parting with noble sons, when they went to the foreign field; and of waiting long, even till death, before greeting the two that laid down their lives for Jesus. If she had not been in fullest accord with them regarding the great object of their mission, we had never seen the thirty published letters of Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, addressed to his mother from the land of Sinim.

We could not witness the breaking of so many ties, the interruption of all these Christian labors, and feel no pangs. We had great joy while they lasted, and God meant we should weep when they came to an end. But thanks to His name that tears do not drown our joys. These earthly ties were not broken till they had answered well the great ends for which they were formed. The Christian worker and sufferer found rest none too soon for her own relief and her Master's glory. She hid her own weakness and pains

while there was need of her ministry at home. To his manifest joy, she accompanied her husband in his pilgrimage through its last and most painful stages, and lingered only a short time after his departure. When her home was broken up, and the time for her final suffering had fully come, she found all the relief and help and consolation that could be given in the house of her brother, the Rev. Thomas S. Childs, D.D., at Norwalk, Conn. There she felt the furnace-heat of temptation; and there, too, she found beside her one like unto the Son of God. She saw and said that "God makes no mistakes," in dealing with his children. She learned that "He could do without her." And with an earnest rejection of all dependence on any "works that she had done;" with a simple trust in Him whose "blood cleanseth from all sin," and of whom she could testify, "Jesus is precious, Jesus is glorious," she entered into rest. Jesus came for her; and she recognized His presence and glory, and gladly departed to be forever with Him.

It would be interesting to trace the gracious lineage of Mrs. Lowrie; to mark the influences that controlled her first thoughts on religious subjects; to observe her home life with her parents and her husband; and to speak of the methods adopted by the Holy Spirit in revealing to her the plague of her heart, and drawing her to Christ, and maturing her for glory. She passed through all the stages of the common Christian experience. She learned to be still under the rod, and to rejoice in the possibility and fact of assimilation to Jesus, through suffering. And just as soon as the work of His grace in her was finished, He took her to Himself.

In view of her character, made lovely and noble by a true Christian culture, — of her honorable and useful life, — and of her blessed departure to be with Christ, — how strong is the consolation afforded her kindred and friends, now that she is taken from them!

But what if all such consolation were denied us? "The God of all comfort" lives, and He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. With His statutes as our songs in the house of our pilgrimage, and His Spirit dwelling in our hearts to sanctify and comfort us, we may follow them who through faith and patience inherit the promises, until, inheritors ourselves, we see them again face to face, and share the bliss of being forever with the Lord.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

BY THE

REV. J. K. WIGHT, OF NEW HAMBURGH, N.Y.

HAVING spoken of the character and life of Mr. Lowrie, Mr. Wight said:

"As we turn to consider, for a few moments, the character of Mrs. Lowrie, we notice the manifestation of the same faith and grace in an entirely different sphere.

"In her we see, not so much the choice, as the hearty acquiescence in the choice, of her husband. Not only was there no repining at that choice, — no longing after that which they might have enjoyed, but there was a cheerful, cordial sympathy with him in his plans; and with a love, not merely for him, but for the same Master and the same cause, she sought to carry out his plans: not only threw no obstacles in the way of their accomplishment, but materially assisted in their successful prosecution, even when it involved self-denial on her part. And while his nature seemed to have the firmness of the rock and the strength of iron, it was her mission to help bring out

in him and to manifest herself those tender sympathies, that genial sunshine and kindness, which drew the hearts of many missionary families around the world not only to the office, but to the home, of the honored Secretary and his wife.

"Whatever her duties or state of health, she had her words of kindness, her sensible advice, or her quiet and efficient plans of assistance for all who sought her aid or her friendship.

"It was wonderful how quickly and quietly the wives of missionaries felt drawn to her as to a mother or an elder sister. There was no assuming of position or authority, no volunteering of advice, but she showed herself friendly when she might have been reserved or have excused herself; and won, without apparently any desire for it but to serve her Master, many friends. Such sympathy and cordial assistance in her sphere, illustrate most admirably the zeal and valuable help which woman may silently though efficiently give to the cause of Christ.

"Mrs. Lowrie was also an efficient and judicious laborer in the Church, and in many schemes of benevolence. It was also her lot to suffer. The cheerfulness and heroism with which, during the last ten years of her life, she bore affliction, from which from the first she knew there was no relief, were remarkable. She abated nought of service while any strength remained. Her place in the Church and prayer-meeting was filled, when it was an astonishment to others how she could be there. And the same quiet and friendly smile lighted up her countenance when life was fast passing away, as in days of health and strength.

" The excellency of these eminent servants of God was in their life of faith, and their earnest and hearty consecration of themselves to the service of God. They were indeed placed in a position of usefulness which few are called upon to occupy. But many might hold the same position and yet not have the same zeal and self-denial. Their life was not the result of circumstances; but we have not a doubt, though not familiar with their inner spiritual history, that it came, as with the cloud of witnesses who have gone before, through faith in the promises of God, which lifted them above living for the present, — a faith which was nourished by prayer, and resulted in a complete consecration of all that they had — life, service, and means — to the cause of Christ."

CHANT.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

ABIDE with me: fast falls the 'even-tide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with 'me abide.
When other helpers fail, and 'comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abíde with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's 'little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories 'pass away;
Change and decay in all aróund I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abíde with me.

I need Thy presence every 'passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the 'tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and 'stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, 'Lord, abíde with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at 'hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no 'bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy 'victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abíde with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my 'closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom and point me 'to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain 'shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abíde with me. Amen.

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Memorial of Mrs. Mary K. Lowrie.
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